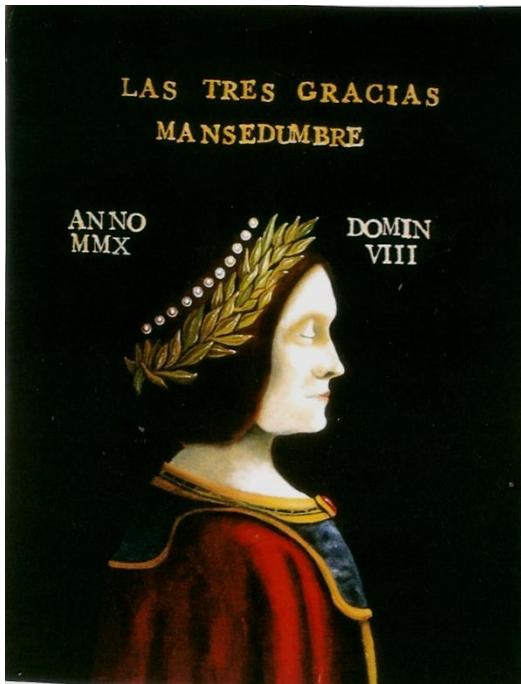
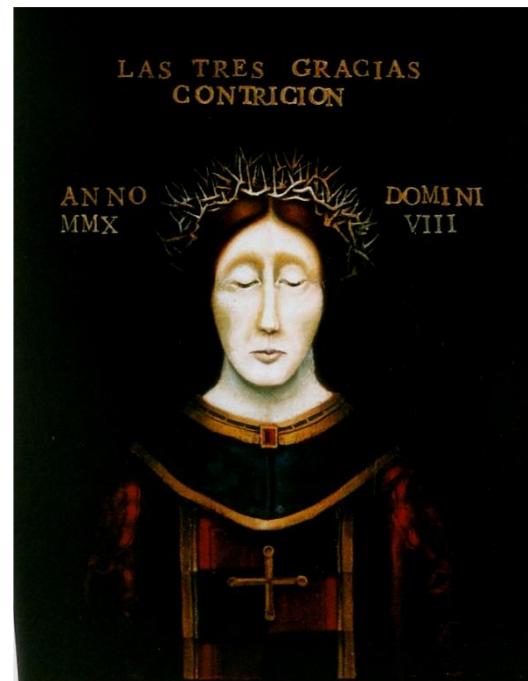


With disregard they treated their filial divinity, being thus their father Zeus reputed as nothing. Symposiums were any longer a concern of theirs. As the moors in Granada, who rendered their City as to save its unmatched beauty, thus Eufrosine, Aglaea, and Thalia surrendered themselves with gladness, that no fight was needed.



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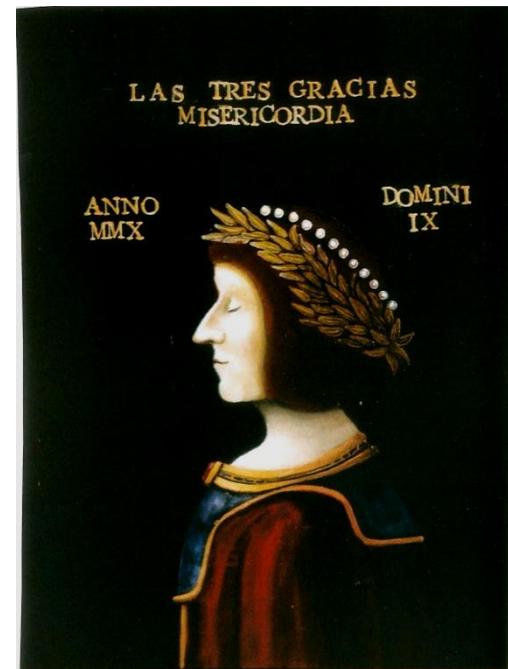
Early days were those of celebration, now of **Meekness**; when enjoyment was the rule, now **Contrition**; where wrath was the common currency among men's businesses, now **Mercy** and her two sisters are at command. Poorly travelled, I could not contemplate enough art pieces at museums and libraries, as such endeavour of mine demands. However, I fancy that somewhere else, in



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cathedrals or municipalities, **The Three Christian Graces** must have been painted as those printed above. Unlike Botticelli's ones, yet living in merriment under Italy's heaven, these ones in **Silent Black Night** are patiently depicted.

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